

M. P. PAUL HELPS HIMSELF.

Little Miltiades Peterkin Paul, going down to the post-office one day in fall, as he loitered along the road, climbed to a tree thick with fruit in an orchard close by. "Oh," he cried glaucously, "Pot!—Pot!—Pot!" Those are nice-looking russets! I guess I'll have some. I can't stand by and see good fruit hang there and rot. I really can't do it—indeed I can not!"

So little Miltiades Peterkin Paul, having looked all around, lest purchases could be made, (that was what people called Mr. Solomon Sly, whose orchard it was) should be watching near by. He got over the wall and climbed into the tree. (O, there never was such a smart climber as he.) And presently found himself high in the tree-top. With more apples about him than ten men could eat up. Then he braced himself firmly and tasted a few. And finding them quite to his taste he sat to, devouring one after another until in a very short time he had eaten his fill. And he breathed a most heart-rending sigh as he ceased.

"Ah!" they say that enough is as good as a feast. Mournful little Miltiades Peterkin Paul. "But I can't eat enough, I am so dreadfully small."

"I'm determined, however, I won't leave them all," continued Miltiades Peterkin Paul. "I have several big pockets, I'll just fill them."

It won't do any harm to lay in a few. Which was no sooner thought of, he sure, than 'twas done. He stuffed all his pockets quite full, every one. Then he cautiously turned himself about on the limb, and to crawl back—when a frightful thing happened to him.

Alas, poor Miltiades Peterkin Paul! There came a great crash—then he felt himself fall down—down, with a rush and a bump, and I fear that his life and adventures had ended right here. But that, lucky for him! his gray corduroy jacket (which was quite new and stout) was so big in the back it caught fast on the end of a limb, and so there young Miltiades helplessly hung in mid air.

Then little Miltiades Peterkin Paul, almost frightened to death, began straightway to bawl. At the top of his voice: "Oh, dear! Help! Oh, dear! Help! I can't get up or down! O dear! What shall I do?" And his cries, being heard in the neighborhood, quickly brought Mr. Solomon Sly to the spot. Who, perceiving our hero, said grimly: "Ho! ho!"

What's the meaning of all this, I'd just like to know! That's a queer sort of fruit for my trees to be bearing! Oh! it's you, sir. I trust you will get a good thing. What is that that you say? Help you? Humph! I should say you'd been helping yourself pretty freely. I am sorry I can't stop to lend my assistance; but the fact is, 'er night I must travel some distance. Just have patience, and may-be you'll get ripe and fall. My dear young Miltiades Peterkin Paul."

HISTORY OF THOMAS CAT.

The Days of His Infancy—His Record as a Muselman and Disturber of Repose.

[George A. Quimby, in the Boston Globe.]

I have taken the precaution to cloth myself in a coat of mail before attacking this subject. The Tom cat being encased in a coat of mail too, I wish to be on as near an equal footing with him as possible, but still he now beats me by two feet. It is hard to get the advantage of a cat. Anybody who can get the advantage of a cat does not need a guardian; he can just go right out into the cold world and earn a dollar a day the year round.

The cat was invented a long time ago. I have forgotten the name of the inventor. It was patented, and for a long time the inventor held it as a monopoly, but after a time the patent ran out, and the cat came into general use, since which time there have been some improvements added, so that the cat of this age is a hard thing to beat.

Cats are of a couple of kinds. One is the Tom cat, and the other—well, the other isn't. A cat is all born at once with the exception of the eyes, which are always nine days late. When a cat commences it is called a kitten, and there are usually considerable many brothers and sisters of him at once, and for nine days they are obliged to go it blind. The eye business sticks me. I have read up all the works of optics, and notice that most every thing that is going to have eyes have them built in under the original contract, even to the potato, and why the cat is left out I can not discover any more than I can

why a woman looks under a bed to find a man.

The cat is composed of a peculiar composition, similar to India rubber; the exact combination of the material is one of the lost arts. I dropped a cat out of a five-story window on Broadway once, and he bounced up about a rod and landed on his feet. He didn't even feel to see if any bones were broken; he simply glanced at the lamp-post on the corner, and read the name of the street to get his bearings, and then sailed away as peacefully as though he had just got out of a stage. It is wonderful how far a cat will tumble and not break.

Cats have a tail built into them on the after end. In repose it is about the size of a broom handle, but when excited the owner has the power of blowing it up about the size of a Bologna sausage, and when erect in the air it gives the cat a very gamey appearance. The principal uses of the tail to the domestic cat are few. Their memories are poor, and they forget and leave their tails round on the floor for people to step on. One of the chief delights of a cat experience is in getting its tail under the rocker of a chair, just in season to catch the whole weight of the chair at the come down.

To get the pure, unadulterated cat, one needs to go to the city and make the acquaintance of the Tom cat. There is more life to the square inch in a city Tom cat than can be found anywhere else, barring a piece of cheese. There he flourishes in all his native vigor. There his cat-like qualities find full play.

Then he courts, then he fights, then he yells, on moonlight nights, climbing fences, dodging boots, also bullets as he scots from the chimney to the gutter, down conductor to the slaughter, into the garden plot.

That Cat!

The Tom cat and the street-lamp attend to business chiefly at night. Day-time they are more ornamental than useful. Sprawling around the stove, basking in the sun, he passes away the day in sleep. As night approaches he braces up, and starts out to attend to business. He has no friends. Every cat he meets is an enemy. He meets the enemy and they are his, or he is theirs; it is as often one way as the other. As soon as he sees the foe he arches his back, inflates his tail and sounds the war cry. Talk about the tocsin alarm; the Tom cat calls in a voice that immediately gives him the belt for hideous noises. The enemy near each other; there is not a clash of arms exactly, but there is an interlocking and braiding of legs, two lumps of animated hair go into the air and come down onto the ground and roll over and claw, and scratch, and fur flies, and it flies fur, and they scratch faces, and they face scratches, and they yowl and howl, and bite and tear for a few moments, and then unbraids their legs and sit down and look at each other for a minute, and collect their scattered senses and try and discover what particular portion of their anatomy is missing, and then both at the same instant turn and annihilate space in opposite directions, with a unanimity of thought that is wonderful in a dumb animal. This is not an illuminated picture, but is a hunk of truth about a cat fight.

The Tom cat ranges with undisputed sway on fences, porches and house-tops. A man to fully realize the charm of a country home and a steep roof, needs to pass a night under a tin roof and have an assortment of cats hold a levee above his head. As he listens to the "music in the hair," and leaps from bed as a cat springs from the chimney-top and lands on the roof above his head, and then engages in a Greco-Roman struggle, while a man throws up the window and yells and swears and throws boot-jacks and blacking-brushes in the direction of the noise, it is then that the city loses its charm, and dollars don't look bigger than ten-cent pieces to him, and he wishes himself back in his country home, where milk is but five cents a quart and eggs grow thirteen to the dozen.

I know what I am saying. I passed a night once away from home. What I learned that night would fill a very large barrel. I had retired and was endeavoring to tangle myself up in sleep, when a most indelible bouquet of sounds stole into my room and entwined itself about my ears. It was the first strains of a cat fight. I got out of bed and opened

my mouth and dropped a "scat!" out of the window. The yowling increased. I added a pair of \$10 boots to the affair, a boot-jack followed the boots, but the noise continued with more zeal, if possible, than ever. My contribution was not the only one. From other windows a continuous fire was kept up; bottles, boots, shoes, slippers, and every available article that could be reached was shied into the darkness at the noise. Occasionally a more terrific yell would seem to indicate that the objective point had been reached, but still the yelling continued with unabating ardor.

At last I bethought me of a dark lantern I had, and, lighting it, I turned the light down into the back yard in the direction of the noise. What I saw I can tell about, but how I felt and looked would need a larger pen than mine to describe. To say that my hair stood up would be very tame. It not only stood up, but it fairly lifted me from the floor. I saw hanging from the clothes line a couple of Tom cats, tied together by the tails, and engaged with all their might in taking each other apart, while in the yard was a man with a bag, into which he was putting my boots, boot-jack, and other contributions, making for him a fair night's work, and, after gathering up all the spoils, as he unslung the cats from the line and placed them in the bag and scaled the fence, it dawned upon me that I had been sold. I blew out my light and crept into bed, wondering if my angel grandfather was not smiling from beyond the clouds at his grandchild.

I know several more things about cats, but I shall keep them to myself unless the court obliges me to disclose. There is to-day in America one young man who has not interest enough in a cat-fight to get up in the night and watch the conflict, or throw articles of value at the felines, and his name is—

Bitten by a Tarantula.

A party of Sacramentans returned home last evening from a trip to the mountains, bringing with them two deer skins, one wildcat skin, and a few other trophies, including two tarantulas—dead ones. They had a little incident attending the transportation of these specimens which occasioned considerable alarm. It occurred in Cache Creek Canyon, on Wednesday, as they were returning home. The tarantulas, for lack of a better receptacle, were inclosed in a cigar-box when caught, about 10 days ago, and this box, carefully tied up, was deposited beneath the seat of the vehicle. While they were jolting through the canyon the seat slipped, and the two men occupying it found themselves dropped suddenly into the bottom of the wagon. One of them struck the cigar-box, crushed it, and immediately felt that something had hurt him. A glance showed him that he was resting on the tarantulas, and with a yell of "I'm stung! I'm stung!" he jumped from the wagon, and, dashing his hands behind him, as though desirous of lifting himself out of his boots, he bounced wildly along the road, then turned and made for the wagon, shouting to his amazed and greatly alarmed companions. "Whisky! Quick! I'm dying! Why don't you hurry!" The other three men—there were four in the party—reached simultaneously for the demijohn, broke off the cork in their haste to pull it out, and in an effort to knock off the neck of the demijohn, to save time, broke the entire concern and nearly all the contents were lost. About a pint of the liquid was saved, however, and without saying as much as "Here's luck," the party that was bitten swallowed it. Soon he began to feel better, and eventually felt so remarkably well that it was evident the poison had been forced to succumb. Then the work of straightening up the contents of the wagon was commenced, and the tarantula box was carefully lifted out and examined, when behold! the "bugs" were found perfectly lifeless, and so dry and stiff that it was evident that they had been dead more than 24 hours, while a couple of tacks in the broken cover of the box conveyed a very good hint as to the nature of the injury which the bold hunter had declared to be tarantula bites.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Record-Union.*

—He was from the country back of Newburg, and he came to town for the first time. As he looked at the telegraph wires he said, "Why do you make your wire fences so high?"

Anecdote of the Czar.

In Russia, nobody has the right to approach the Czar on the streets, much less to speak to him. If one should do so, he would be arrested. The Emperor Nicholas was in the habit of walking out and often broke the law in spirit by speaking to persons whom he chanced to meet. One day, while the Emperor was promenading before the large hotel of Morskos Street, he met an elegantly dressed young gentleman, leisurely smoking his cigar with the same unconcern as if he was in a Parisian cafe. The Emperor approached and saluted him in military style.

"It appears that you are a stranger, sir," said he.

"How did you find that out?" said the stranger.

"Because you are smoking in the street, which is forbidden by the police regulations."

"Thank you, sir," politely replied the stranger. "I always make it a rule to respect the laws of the countries which I visit." And he made a movement to throw away his cigar.

"No, you need not do it now. As long as you are walking with me, nobody will make any remarks to you."

"Are you, then, a great personage of the Empire?" said the stranger.

"I have some influence," said the Emperor.

"Very happy to hear it," said the stranger. "I understand that with influence one can accomplish almost anything here."

"You exaggerate, sir," replied the Emperor. "Certainly a powerful protection is a good thing; but we Russians like to know with whom we have to deal, and this is attained only through some good protector, of course."

"Well, sir, if that is the case," said the stranger, "I will avail myself of your kind offer. I came to Russia on business, and a little protection would be most acceptable indeed." And he proceeded to explain his business, puffing his cigar all the time, and talking with the Emperor.

They were walking in an elegant street, full of picture shops, and nearly all had pictures of the Emperor in their windows. The stranger did find some resemblance between them and his agreeable companion, but the idea that he might be the Emperor himself never crossed his mind. Finally, seeing the respect shown by all the passers-by, and that all made room for them to pass, and happening to see at that moment a full-length portrait of the Emperor, the doubt was no longer possible.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, scarcely able to control his emotion. "Have I not the honor to speak to the Emperor Nicholas?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Emperor, smiling, "but do not be uneasy. I only advise you to be more discreet with your cigar next time, as the Emperor may not be always at your side to protect you."

And as soon as he arrived at the palace, he sent for the Chief of the Police, and gave orders to facilitate the business of the stranger. The latter left St. Petersburg a few days later, delighted with the kindness of his exalted protector.

A Carnivorous Horse.

Mr. Ezra A. Hermann owns a horse which has departed from the traditions of his ancestors, and is carnivorous, if not omnivorous. The animal for some time has shown a disposition to take fresh meat, and when it is offered to him will devour it with apparent relish. He will also drink milk with avidity, and estimates a mouse or a rat as quite a tit-bit. Yesterday, Mr. Hermann, in handling some tobacco-boxes, killed a mouse. His son, who was present, offered the mouse to the horse, and it was snapped up, masticated, and swallowed in a breath. Ezra is somewhat astonished over the strange taste of the horse, and is disposed to find fault with the animal because he prefers flesh to grain and hay. The animal has good feed of such as is usually provided for animals of the equine kind, and he is fat and sleek.—*Dayton (Ohio) Democrat.*

—Edmond de Rothschild, of the house of Rothschild Brothers, of Paris, is engaged to the daughter of the chief of that house in Frankfurt. The marriage will be celebrated in that medieval seat of the Germon Diet, which was also the cradle of the Rothschild family.